THE

AERONAUT.

No 95. August 22- 1817.

Pascitur in vivis livor.

OVID.

How shameless malice thrives!

The reciprocation of kindness, and return of feeling, are dictated by the voice of Nature to all her creatures, in every situation, from the palace to the cot, and in every

clime, from the equator to the pole. Against the malicious hatred of the savage, and the cold indifference of the cynick, the child of refinement turns every softer feeling of his heart, and every generous sentiment of his understanding. The bosom that glows with the warmth of affection, the ardor of enthusiasm, & the sincerity of love; too high for meanness, and too elevated for selfishness, recoils with shuddering horror from the wretch, whose anxieties & wishes, hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, are forever employed upon himself: who only mourns over his own grievances, and never smiles but at his own success.

However contrary to the order of Nature this course may be, it is pursued with fixed resolution, and shameless audacity: it is manifested in the common occurences of daily intercourse,

and enters into the tranquil bosom of domestic peace. The darkness of misanthropy, and the stemness of apathy, are visible at every corner; and the coward who would shrink, from the assault of an enemy in the field of contest, or from the candid confession of unaltered truth, broods over schemes of injurious malice, that others may share in the ruin of his plans of disappointed ambition, or purposes of filthy gain. Perhaps in this code, more than in any other, misery is soothed by the pleasures of companionship, and pacified by associates in torment. He cannot sip one grateful draught from the cup of existence: and to laugh at others' ills, and start in others' sorrows, diminishes his own pangs, while it adds to the happiness

of none.

What judgment are we then to form of those who so basely pervert the order of things, and throw the mantle of midnight darkness over social happiness and public life? Are they to be reckoned among the number of those who add to public honor by private merit? Or are they to be viewed as monsters that infest the road man follows in his journey to the tomb — too depraved for fellowship on earth, too low for the communion of heaven — that blast the beauty of innocence, and contaminate the purity of virtue — whose presence chills the current of feeling, and withers the smiles of joy?

True enough it is that too many of these sons of night, are born with the temper which time developes into maturity, and unfolds for evil. But we cannot be persuaded to believe that no

ny posses an inherent spirit of hatred to their fellow-men. Tho' the effect is undoubtedly the same, from whatever cause the malady proceeds, yet it is materially different, whether it is infused into the constitution, mind & disposition of its subject, or it the consequence of circumstances which accident threw in this way, and which accident may as quickly remove. The varied shades of life in which we exist at successive periods of our conde, tend either to darken or enliven, ammidte or depress, invite or repel, as they themselves are pleasing to contemplation, or disagreeable to feeling.

The mortifications of poverty, the pangs of disappointment, the miseries of dependence, are the fetters and manacles, which, if imposed in the days of

youthful vivacity, forever chain the spirit in the degradation of mental servitude. The grasp of unalterable Care stifles the burning ardor that would aim at noble things, and look to happier times. Sorrow, that mourns over irremediable evils, and finds no consolation in realities; whose corrosions of the vital energies of life, increase with years, and deepen by continuance, is the tyrant whose touch is the death of the mind. The gaiety of hope, the eagerness of ambition, unsupplied by defeats, because never experienced, and glowing in all the vigor of novelty, are quenched by the severity of those evils which human foresight cannot avoid, and human ability cannot resist.

According, therefore, to the temperament of mind which each individual inherits from nature, misfortune will come

with a corresponding impression. Misanthropy may be principally traced to the influence of early causes, operating upon dispositions naturally incapable of the finer emotions of love and friendship, and hardened by affliction into harshness and asperity.

But here we may ask, where is the reasonable apology for suffering the dispensations from above, to enkindle the flame of hatred, and stir the fires of animosity? Why cast a thicker veil over the scene by adding the bleakness of solitude to the trials of the mind? Union with those who can offer encouragement, and administer hope, may chear the spirit, if it cannot mend the condition; may brighten what is in prospect, if it

cannot alter what is done. To be secluded from others, when sick-ened with woe to destroy one's self: for to be alone, and miserable, unhappily we must be employed; and the employment of the cynick, is to revolve the demoniac schemes which he cannot dismiss, till their continuance wears down the energies of the soul, by complaints which increase the torments of the mind, without removing the causes of the disease.

The tendency of misanthropy is to infidility; with which its maxims, principles, and conduct are entirely congenial. It corresponds with that system which would constitute every separate member of the human family, a being, independent of the control of man, and unanswerable to the authority of heaven.

like unbelief, it is cheerless in itself, and debars approach. It is repugnant to all the nicer sensibilities, that prompt to honorable action, and incite to sympathy of feeling.

This is the course of of a temper hardened by suffering, instead of being soothed into tranquillity. A retrospect over the course of a few years, would shew the resignation of the saint, the adoration of the christian, & the love of the infant, all united to display how misery can soothe the soul, and the rod enforce submission. while the sluggard raves, the good man weeps; bows to the wisdom which he cannot control, & laments the follies which he can but deplore.

In making our concluding remarks, we must be allowed to mention another source of man-hatred. The herd of scribblers deal out reciprocal abuse, with malated vigor, and unwearantable severity. The political squabbler, whose pamphlet has been neglected; the poet, whose lowly Muse has failed of success; the prophet who has predicted before he was certain; and the satirist, whose heavy wit has mouldered on the shelves; all equally vent the acrimony which they cannot suppress, in condemning excellence, and pulling down merit; abusing their fellows equally unheard of with themselves, and unprecedenting curses upon enemies who never existed but in de-

oblivion. Alas, for labor vainly bestowed! The petty wranglers only interest themselves; dispute for trifles which all are ignorant, and enkindle a rage which nobody perceive. When will the propitious season arrive, when peace shall plant her crown of olive on the votaries of letters; stop the tumults of unmeaning contention, and quell the clamors of rancorous jealousy? Surely if we build our fame upon what ourselves perform, we may stand without overturning our competitors, diffusing the venom of slander, and retarding the progress of honesty. If we are struggling ourselves, what will it avail us to

rail at others? And if we are above dependence, how shall we be affected by rumors and observations, true or false, asserted by the great, or circulated by the vulgar?

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